

One little lamb in the upper fold,
From the heat of summer, and winter's cold,
Safe from earth's guile,
And its dreams untrue,
One little lamb
Is waiting for you.

One little darling, whose pattering feet,
With the prophets of old tread the golden street,
Or wander for ever,
Mid Eden's bowers,
Awaiting for you
Through the golden hours.

One little angel that only came
Earthward to murmur his mother's name,
Luring her heart
To the land above,
In the broken accents
Of childish love.

One little lamb from all sorrow free,
Through the long years of eternity—
From the heat of summer,
And winter's cold,
Is waiting for you
In the upper fold.

—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

FIGHTING WITH POISON.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful country village, in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family—almost too young to feel that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine, frank-hearted young mechanic, with a wide world of life bounding in his veins; an energy that when fully aroused, drove everything violently before him; and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had given him of the goods of this world.

His wife, to whom he had been married four years, was singularly beautiful. They had two children—the one a laughing, brown-eyed and brown-haired little fairy of three years; her romantic name was Blossom. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue-eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the elder at her age.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room, with my feet on two chairs, reading a pleasant little book, in a state between sleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indifference by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that can not be indicated by words; so loud that it rang over that quiet little village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting-room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door, with her first-born—our darling Blossom, in her arms, dying! A brief and hurried word from the servant told the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child-uncle up-stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, and had drunk enough to have taken away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth—the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that a terrible shriek rang out over the quiet village, and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing toward the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of terror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no effort for its relief, and indeed, it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame. The brown eyes had lost their luster; the face was blackened as if after death; and the teeth were tight set in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away unable to bear a mother's agony. The little door was already half filled with villagers; and sobs and moans and lamentations over the fate of the dying child, were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressive confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little playfellow's uncle, who had been up-stairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father, and but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eye was very stern, and that his lips were very firmly compressed. Others too, remarked it; and I knew afterward, that a murmur ran around the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were now closed, and a white ooze coming from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and give a sigh of relief. He told me afterward that the eye was not sunken, and so death had not begun. He then attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal, he wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame!" cried one of the bystanders. "The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

"Bring me the egg-basket," he spoke

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1875.

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very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He's crazy," and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth, and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers, and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight struggle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't, the child is dying!" said one. "Please, don't hurt the little thing—it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Mary, be still," he answered sternly, while his teeth were unrelaxing from their clenching, and his face as hard as if he were entering a battle, "and don't any of you meddle with me; keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty, but he did not heed them, and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke out into a loud murmur, and cries of "The brute!" "Let the child die in peace!" "He is crazy—take the child away from him!" were heard around him.

He desisted a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been foreign to his nature, but no one who saw him afterward forgot it. "Fools!" he hissed, "mind your own business and leave me to mine! Take her away, will you? Try it!" and he went on emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could stand this no longer. Her first-born was being tortured to death before her eyes, and she imploringly flung herself on her knees before her husband's father, who had that moment arrived.

"Oh, father, do stop him!" she gasped; he will obey you; do stop him. He is torturing that poor dying child."

The grandfather started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said:

"Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his—let him use it at his pleasure."

There was silence then. In a moment more there was a quiver of the eyelids, a convulsive movement of the chest, and the teeth lost their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again and again, as the retching ceased, he repeated the experiment—the life returning still more, and the face losing its black color every instant. More than twenty times albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison; when the eyes opened the father desisted, the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms, exhausted, its little life terribly shattered, but saved!

Then, when the necessity for exertion and determination was over—when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that darling little Blossom might live, after many weeks of struggle between life and death—when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first; when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blessed him through her kisses and tears, and all knew that, under God, only such an almost fierce determination could have saved the child—then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Blossom is alive to-day, and her brown eyes are opening upon womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child—that Fight With Poison which I have only faintly indicated because beyond description.

Studying Geography.

While a newsboy was hanging around one of the depots yesterday a gentleman engaged him in conversation and inquired:

"Do you go to school, bub?"

"Yes, sir, and I'm in geography," was the answer.

"A, ha! where does the sun rise?"

"In the East."

"Correct. Where does it set?"

"In the West."

"That's right. What is the earth's surface composed of?"

"Land and water, sir."

"Right again. Is the world round or flat?"

"Less see," mused the boy, sitting down on a bench. "Well, I know dad and mam had a fight about that very thing. I forgot which licked!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Scotchman, 80 years old and nearly deaf, was naturalized recently in Kayville, Utah, the judge having to ask his interrogatories into the old man's ear. When asked if he intended to obey the laws, he answered in his native Scotch dialect that "It wasna worth while for him to do otherwise noo."

Amanda's Wedding Present.

Mrs. Brown had retired for the night. It was now near twelve o'clock, but she was awake and watching. She had gone to bed at ten, and would have resented with indignation the imputation that she had slept, solemnly declaring that she had never closed her eyes; but, nevertheless, certain sounds had now and then come from under the sheets which indicated that at all events she breathed very hard. She was now awake for a purpose. She was a woman of purpose. Her cousin's daughter was about to be married. She had received an invitation to the wedding, and was determined on making her a handsome wedding present, and to wedding presents she knew Mr. Brown had a decided aversion. The cathedral clock struck twelve, the chimes rang out a quarter, then the half hour. Brown had not come in. She smiled as she heard—a drowsy, sleepy smile; then she breathed hard again.

It was election time, and for the last two months Brown had been out nearly every night. At first he must see about the nomination; then after the nomination, he must work for the party; go to ward meetings, general rallies, see that this man and that were posted, and talk and canvass, and so the nights passed. Then came the election. One night he was not at home at all. After that the returns kept him away until the wee sma' hours. Now, the election had been over a week; it was next morning, and he was not at home. She had been very good-natured and patient over it all; had stayed at home uncommonly close, attending to her six children. When Brown did not stay out too late, he found her on his return industriously sewing. She listened to his excuses without a word, and never scolded. This made him quail and feel badly. Why she did not fly at him he did not understand.

To-night, as he stood upon his doorstep, fumbling in his pocket for his latch-key, with a startled sort of feeling, thinking what excuse he could make, wondering if the old one—"Obliged to meet a man on business"—would do, the clock struck one. He hardly thought of it, and he muttered hard words under his breath. Was his wife awake? Would she notice he had been drinking? Quietly as he came, Mrs. Brown heard him, for he was on her mind. He stopped a moment at his chamber door, opened it in his stocking feet, started and dropped his shoes as she, sitting up in bed, met him with:

"Is that you, Brown? I thought you would never come; my head aches so! Hand me that bottle."

He did as he was bidden, muttering excuses the while for being so late; he was detained and so forth. She did not reply to him. He felt this ominous, so hastened his proceedings. When the light was out, she turned away and sighed:

"The invitations to Amanda's wedding have come."

He made no reply.

"I shall be obliged to make her a present, of course. Her mother made me a present when I was married."

He did not speak.

"You have not been in the house long enough these last two months for me to speak to you about this," she said sharply and waited for an answer.

"Presents cost money."

"Of course they do; so do elections."

He turned uneasily.

"We must make her a present, and a handsome one, too; I owe her one."

"You made a bargain, did you?"

"If you choose to call it that. I am not going to be put upon, Mr. Brown, nor am I going to be made to appear mean."

Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones will give her something, and more will be expected of me, a relative. I am not going to see my name in the paper tacked to a pin cushion, I can tell you."

Mr. Brown softly snored. She had struck the first blow and would put in a wedge and leave it.

"You think it costs money to do as you should do by my relations, but it don't cost anything to be out every night for two months drinking beer, eating suppers and spending time in trying to get Judge Abbott elected, and not doing it after all, while I staid at home and took care of the children, who have hardly known they had a father. It is my turn now; if you can spend on elections, I can spend on a wedding present."

This was spoken viciously and determinedly, as she jerked the bed-clothes and turned her back to him.

Mrs. Brown was up early next morning. She was down while he still slept, saw that the dining-room was comfortable, the table nicely set, and ordered his favorite dish, seeing herself to the coffee, about which he was particular. She heard him moving. She took a look in the glass to be sure her collar was neatly arranged and her hair all right, then with a little book in her hand, entered their bed-room. Brown was drawing on his boots.

"Is breakfast ready?" he asked, as she opened the door.

"It will be in a few minutes." She took a seat by the window. "I have something to read to you." She opened the book.

"September 8. Mr. Brown left home

at six o'clock in the evening and returned at eleven.

"September 9. Mr. Brown went out before breakfast, came home at six to dinner, left at two minutes of seven. I went to bed at quarter past ten, and he had not returned."

At first in astonishment, not knowing what was coming, Brown had stopped pulling on his boots to listen, then he stamped heavily in them while he jerked down his pantaloons. She quietly read on through September.

"October 1. Mr. Brown did not get up until breakfast was on the table. (Mr. Brown soused his face in the water, rubbed his head and ears lustily, and did not hear.) Mr. Brown came home at six to dinner; Mr. Smith called for him, and they went out together. He came in at five minutes of twelve."

"October 3. Mr. Brown winced as he dragged the comb through his head, seized the brush, used it once or twice, threw it in the corner of the room, and turned to get his handkerchief. Mrs. Brown paused in her reading.

"I have kept an accurate account, Mr. Brown, and in two months, Sundays included, except when asleep, you have spent only eighteen hours and twenty minutes with your family, while I have remained at home and slaved for them, and now I cannot make my cousin a wedding present, because it will cost money. Very well, I shall write to my mother to come and keep house for me. I shall go to the wedding and stay and pay Amanda a visit."

The house shook with the slam Mr. Brown gave the door as he went out.

When she reached the dining-room he was seated at the table. His appetite was excellent, and he enjoyed his breakfast. She was soft-voiced, amiable and talked a great deal to the children. It was late when the meal was over. Brown hurried up stairs, hurried down and closed the front door after him, opened it again and called out, "You had better go to Smith's to buy that present. Tell him to send the bill to the store."

Proverbial Etiquette.

1. Being set at table, scratch not thyself, and take thou heed as much as thou canst, not to spit, cough and to blow thy nose; but if it be needful, do it dexterously without much noise, turning thy face sidelong.

2. Take not thy repast like a glutton.

3. Break not bread with thy hands, but cut it with a knife, if it be not very little, and very new, and that all the others did the same, or the major part.

4. Cast not thyself upon the table with thine arms stretched even to thy elbows. And lean not thy shoulders, or thine arms, on thy chair or elbows.

5. Eat not with cheeks full, and with full mouth.

6. Sop not in wine, if thou be'st not the master of the house, or hast some indisposition or other.

7. Taking salt, beware that thy knife be not greasy, when it ought to be wiped, or the fork; one may do it neatly with a little piece of bread, or with a napkin, but never with the mouth.

8. Blow not upon thy meat, but if it be hot, stay until it is cold.

9. Smell not thy meat, and if thou holdest thy nose to it, set it not afterward before another.

10. One ought not to cast on the table cloth bones, parings, or such like things; notwithstanding, if one be constrained to spit something which was hard to chew, or which causeth irksomeness, then may one throw it dexterously forth, taking it decently with two fingers, or with the left hand half shut, so that it be not a liquid thing.

11. It is indecent to soil the table-cloth, and that which is worse, to clean one's face, or wipe away one's sweat with the napkin, or with the same clean one's nose, or one's dish.

12. Suck no bones, at least in such wise that one may hear it; take them not with two hands, but with one solely and properly. Gnaw them not, nor tear the flesh with thy teeth, as dogs do.

13. Cleanse not thy teeth with a table-cloth or napkin, or with thy finger, fork, or knife; much worse would it be to do so with thy nail; but use thy toothpick.

14. Sing not with thy mouth, humming to thyself, unless thou be alone, strike not up a drum with thy fingers or thy feet.

15. In coughing and sneezing, make not great noise, if it be possible.

16. In yawning, howl not, and thou should'st abstain, as much as thou canst, to yawn, especially when thou speakest, for that showeth thee to be weary, and that one little accounted for of the company.

17. When thou blowest thy nose, make not thy nose to sound like a trumpet.

18. To sleep when others speak, to sit when others stand, to walk on when others stay, are all things of ill manners.

19. Hearing thy master, or likewise thy preacher, wriggle not thyself, as seeming unable to contain thyself within thy skin, making shew of thyself to the knowing and sufficient person to the mispraise of others.

20. When thou sittest, put not indelicately one leg upon another, but keep

them firm and settled.

21. Gnaw not thy nails in the presence of others, nor bite them with thy teeth.

22. Take heed that with thy spittle thou bedew not the face of him with whom thou speakest, and to that end approach not too nigh him.

23. Set not in order at every hand-turn thy beard, thy moustache, or thy stockings.

24. Puff not up thy cheeks; loll not out thy tongue; thrust not out thy lips; wry not thy mouth; lift not one of thy eyebrows higher than the other.

25. BUTTONHOLE not thy neighbor!

At the Barber's.

"Next!" shouted the barber, who had just finished a customer.

Two persons at once sprung from their seats where they had been patiently waiting, and approached the knight of the lathe, and both looking ferociously and inquiringly at each other. One of them was an elderly personage, evidently from the country; the other a young sprig of city breed, whose-down had just begun to indicate the slow and uncertain approach of beard.

"Which of you is next?" asked the barber.

"I am," said the young man.

"No, you are not. We both entered at the same time; and, as I am the oldest, I claim the first chance. Besides, I am in a great hurry."

"Ah, old party, I see you are from the country, and of course do not know the rules of city society governing such cases as this," said the youth.

"What is the rule?"

"Simply this: Beauty goes before age—so, I will take the chair. See?"

"O, well, that's right. Mr. Barber, shave him first. He has got the best of me by that city rule of his; and, come to think of it, he is right according to the rule where I come from."

"Indeed! What is the rule where you come from, old party?"

"Well young man, the rule up my way is, that we always keep the hogs ahead of us. So you can go ahead; barber, it's all right," said he, taking up a paper and sitting down to read.

Storks.

A pair of storks built a nest on one of the chimneys of a mansion near Berlin. Having a curiosity to inspect it, the owner climbed up, and found in it one egg, which, being about the size of a goose's egg, was replaced by one belonging to that bird. The storks seemed not to notice the exchange, but no sooner was the egg hatched than the male bird, perceiving the difference, rose from the nest, and flying round it several times with loud screams, disappeared, and was not seen again for three days, during which time the female continued to tend her offspring as usual. Early on the fourth morning, however, the inmates of the house were disturbed by loud and discordant cries in the field fronting the house, when they perceived about five hundred storks assembled in a dense body, and one standing about twenty yards before the rest, apparently haranguing its companions, who stood listening to all appearance with great emotion. When this bird had concluded its retired, and another took its place, and seemed to address them in a similar manner. This proceeding and noise was repeated by several successive birds until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, when the whole flock simultaneously arose in the air uttering dismal cries. The female at this time was observed to remain on her nest, watching their motions with apparent trepidation. In a short time the body of storks made towards her, headed by one bird, supposed to be the male, who struck her vehemently three or four times, and knocked her out of the nest; the whole mass then followed the attack, until they had not only destroyed the female stork (who made no attempt either to escape or defend herself), but the young gosling, and utterly removing every vestige of the nest itself. Since that time no stork has been known to build there.

This anecdote appears to demonstrate a power of combination and a kind of moral government among storks which will startle readers who have hitherto believed that the lower animals are destitute of mental capacity.—*Morris' Animal Sagacity.*

A SAILOR'S IDEA OF A COMET.—A celebrated naval officer tells the following anecdote:

On one of his cruises the sailors saw a comet and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander and ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said:

"We want to ask your opinion, your honor."

"Well my boys, what is it about?"

"We want to inquire about that thing up there."

"Now, before I answer you, let me know what you think of it?"

"Well, your honor, we have talked it all over, and we think it is a star sprung a leak."

Best Things.

The best theology—a pure and beneficent life.

The best philosophy—A contented mind.

The best law—The golden rule.

The best education—Self-knowledge.

The best statesmanship—Self-government.

The best medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance.

The best art—painting a smile upon the brow of childhood.

The best science—Extracting sunshine from a cloudy way.

The best war—To war against one's weaknesses.

The best music—The laughter of an innocent child.

The best journalism—Printing the true and the beautiful only, on memory's tablet.

The best telegraphing—Flashing a ray of sunshine into the gloomy heart.

The best biography—The life which writes charity in the largest letters.

The best mathematics—That which doubles the most joys and divides the most sorrows.

The best navigation—Steering clear of the lacerating rocks of personal contention.

The best diplomacy—Effecting a treaty of peace with one's own conscience.

The best engineering—Building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

Guard Your Conversation.

If you say anything about a neighbor or friend, or even a stranger, say nothing ill. It is a Christian and brotherly charity to suppress our knowledge of such evils to ourselves, much more should we refuse to spread evil report of another. Discreditable as the fact is, it is by far the commonest tendency to suppress the good we know of our neighbors and friends. We act in their matter as though we felt that by pushing our fellows down or back a peg, we were putting ourselves up or forward. We are jealous of commendation unless we get the larger share.

Social conversation, as known to every observer, is largely made up of what is understood by the term scandal. It would be difficult to find a talkative group, of either sex, who could spend an hour together without evil speech of somebody. "Blessed are the peacemakers," is not the maxim by which we are chiefly governed in our treatment of personalities. Better a thousand times to stand or sit dumb than open our lips ever so eloquently in the disparagement of others. What we should do in this, as in all other human relations, is to practice the golden rule. If we would do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, we should be exceedingly careful not to volunteer ill words about them. Where other than a good word is to be spoken to the person concerned, that he may know that your motive is not idle, cowardly and sinister, and that he may have a chance to defend himself.—*Kz.*

THE WIFE'S VICTORY.—She told him to stay at home and take care of the baby, while she went to a spiritualistic lecture. L—resented; had business on hand, and would have explained, but was admonished to silence by a stew-pan flying across the room in close proximity to his head. He retaliated by kicking over the table, and then that marital relation, predicated on a "love bases," was torn asunder. The time which, for years, the woman had so earnestly prayed for had at length arrived, and gloriously she vindicated outraged femininity. On his devoted shoulders came the horse-whip; faster and faster rained the blows. In vain he implored, begged, beseeched her to let up, but his words proved only an incentive to the vixen vein. Her imprecations were fearful, but her strength, at last succumbed, and as she laid aside the butt end of the cowhide carefully, she arrayed herself in her "meeting harness," and, as she gently closed the door, said: "L—, if the baby cries, you can borrow some syrup from Mrs. D—, next door."—*Virginia Enterprise.*

A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond flash compared with an eye flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with rugged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

—The test of philosophy is present conduct not to be repented of.

"No Such Husband."

Gibbs is a tombstone agent. He finds it to his advantage to work upon the feelings in making a sale. The other day he happened to be in a strange section, and was sent to call upon a Mrs. Brown who had recently lost her husband. He introduced himself and was invited to sit down.

He spoke of the weather, and then getting round to business, he said, rather tenderly:

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HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor
HENRY WINTER SYLIE, Foreign Editor.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1875

The Michigan Institution.

The *Mirror* had a very full report last week of the results reached by the legislative committee of investigation, and of the causes which led to its appointment. And here we would call attention to the important uses to which such institution publications as the *Mirror* can be put. In the present instance, it will give Michigan a good deal of misrepresentation.

The loudly clamored investigation, and its rather thin results, which were nothing more than a recommendation to allow the principal greater latitude in the educational department, remind us of the mountain that moved and brought forth a mouse.

As to the charges it is unnecessary to repeat them here; they were of the usual *et ceteras*, considered valuable by discharged officials for the purpose of "getting even," and as none of the attacking party cared whether they were fact or fancy, and fired their guns under the cover of *nom de plumes*, the only wonder is that the Legislature condescended to investigate. But it is perhaps just as well, they have got some experience to go by, and next time defamers will find it doesn't pay.

The Investigating Committee mention in their report that the teachers are opposed to the new educational plan, which went into effect last fall. It is quite like that of the New York Institution, the difference being in the length of the school hours, Michigan requiring six while New York requires eight. This plan the Committee say is considered by "many of the teachers as detrimental to intellectual progress," and since they are an intelligent corps their opinion is entitled to so much weight that it will receive consideration in due time, and that the executive will seek to be harmonious rather than arbitrary, we can hardly doubt.

Mr. EGBERT L. BANGS, the principal, was an instructor for several years in the New York Institution, and has a fine record as an educator. Small and mean ways to put an end to the usefulness of such a man, are extremely despicable and we are glad, in this instance, to record their complete failure. Not that we believe in human infallibility, —we all have our surface blemish,—but when it comes to testing the commanding principles that govern character, it is another and altogether different matter.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent; The Itemizer.

The Geneva Gazette of April 2 has the following:

"Mr. S. A. Schieffelin wishes to express through the columns of the GAZETTE the extreme gratification Mr. F. M. TUTTLE, of Geneva has afforded him in the artistic paintings he has lately executed for himself and a number of his friends. It may not be generally known that besides the very successful portraits, he paints also photographic likenesses in oil in exquisite style.

The editor cheerfully coincides in the high estimate which Mr. Schieffelin places on Mr. Tuttle's artistic work.

W. A. BOND, a semi-mute of Brooklyn, N. Y., somehow got his name in a panel of jurors last week and received a peremptory order from the sheriff to attend on a certain day. Bond said he was afraid it would be a waste of time to examine him as he wasn't gifted with hearing. But the sheriff, remarking that that excuse was rather thin, left hinting the amount of the fine for non-attendance. Bond showed the subpoena to his employer, the editor of the Brooklyn Times, and he wrote something across its back and sent Bond with it to the Court Clerk, who, when he read it, said he guessed Bond needn't attend. The

sheriff to make amends, presented Bond several tickets to the Beecher-Tilton trial, and armed with these, Bond managed to squeeze himself into a seat where he had a good view of the celebrities of the trial.

We are informed that the little boy in the New York Institution, whom, we reported some months ago, as having lost his reason in consequence of injuries received by being run over by a heavy wagon, has become quite sane. We are promised further particulars and shall be happy to publish them.

They don't succeed very well with their spelling matches in Indiana. It might be well to utilize initial signs; we have seen several hundred words rendered intelligibly by this method.

We have a communication from a young man, whose name it is unnecessary to give, concerning a quarrel between himself, his friends, and the boys of a certain institution. We do not publish the communication because it is too long, and because we do not believe such things can be settled by appeals to the public press. It would only draw into the strife new champions on both sides, and be the beginning of an endless hostility. The author of this communication wields his pen to good effect, and we doubt not the other side is equally expert. Suppose, then, they open a private correspondence, and fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.

Another swindler has turned up in Brooklyn, N. Y. He represents himself as a deaf-mute and an advertising agent. Whether or not he is deaf, we really don't know, but recently he entered the office of a coal broker, and pulling out a copy of the JOURNAL, several months old, from a prodigious carpet-bag, asked the broker if he didn't want to advertise. The broker fortunately didn't, but being curious to know more of his visitor, hunted up a mute friend, from whom he learned that there was no such person in the vicinity authorized to receive advertisements for the paper named. Our agents down there have written authority from us, and any one failing to produce his commission may safely be set down as a fraud.

The Hudson Base Ball Club, composed of pupils of the New York Institution, has elected the following as officers for this year:
W. H. Scott, Captain.
J. C. Cottman, Secretary and Treas.
Michael McFaul, President.
Wm. Myers, Vice President.
J. P. Donnelly, Committee.
William Myers, Committee.

The club practices daily during the hours of recreation, when the weather permits.

Once upon a time, not very far from the present publication office of the JOURNAL, there lived a little deaf-mute girl, whose father was one of those sensible men that rise above every emergency. He was a merchant, and often the mother of the little girl would send her to the store for some article of dress or provisions. The parents knew a good deal of signs, and the little one could converse with them by this means quite readily. But she knew little of words; her father, however, determined she should learn. So when she came into the store one day for a jug of syrup, he asked her what she wanted; she held up the jug and made the sign for molasses, the father told her to spell the word, and when she could not, told her to go home and learn it from her mother for she could have no syrup till she was able to ask for it in good English. She learned this word, and in time many more, so that when she went to school she was quite smart.

MR. RICHARD B. GULLEN, of Brooklyn, N. Y., —so we are informed by Mr. Young, a friend of the parties— is shortly to be united in marriage to Miss Mary D. Peabody, of Harlem, N. Y. Miss Peabody is a graduate of the New York Institution, and Mr. Gulen was for some time connected with the same school. He is a semi-mute and something of a traveler, for pleasure we suppose, as our informant adds he has a liberal share of this world's goods.

There is an old deaf-mute negro in Kentucky, who, with a practical turn of mind, wears on the lappel of his coat a badge inscribed in large black letters "deaf and dumb." He says it saves a heap of trouble, but as we are told he is using ludicrous and very original signs, it hardly needs the badge to tell folks that he is deaf and dumb.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY

HENRY WINTER SYLIE.

The Bristol Institution.

ENGLISH BISHOPS BEFRIENDING THE DEAF.

We give a large amount of space this week to the report of the annual meeting of the institution at Bristol, England. The extracts from the report read to the meeting will give a very good idea of the operations of the smaller British institutions. They show that our friends in England still labor under the disadvantages of depending largely on annual contributions, and of having to send children into the world at an early age to be apprenticed; but they show also that these disadvantages are encountered and overcome by warm hearts and willing hands.

The principal, Mr. Wm. B. Smith, was formerly a teacher in the Liverpool Institution, where we had the pleasure of seeing him in 1866. Trained under so whole-souled and earnest a worker as Dr. Buxton, he must have been well fitted for his responsible position.

When we visited the Bristol school, it was under the charge of Mr. Jackson —author of a little book on "English Synonyms"—and was situated in rather narrow quarters, even for the small num-

ber received, in Park Row, Clifton—on the face of the hill, high above the mercantile part of Bristol. Though the city has fallen from the proud position it once held, as the great shipping port for the American and West Indian trade, as Liverpool has grown into importance, yet it is still a large and wealthy place, and we are pleased to learn that the liberality of its citizens has provided the institution with a more adequate building.

It is also very gratifying to notice the warm interest shown by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. This prelate, the Right Rev. C. J. Ellicott, D. D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, is known to students of the Bible as the author of a most admirable series of commentaries on the Epistles—replete with varied learning, and though excelled by Alford in minute critical investigation and by Wordsworth in abundance of Patristic lore, fully making up for this by what for ordinary Bible readers is a greater excellence, a thorough and hearty entering into the spirit of the inspired writers. Bishop Ellicott has not yet treated the Gospels separately in the same manner. He has instead written a "Life of Christ," which displays the same characteristics of fervent and unaffected reverence, deep learning, without the least show of pedantry, and entire sympathy with the needs of human weakness in struggling on in simple faith.

He is not the only English bishop personally interested in the deaf and dumb. The Bishop of Carlisle, the Rt. Rev. Harvey Goodwin, D. D., formerly Dean of Ely near Cambridge and also a Professor in that University, has a deaf sister, and has been a good friend of the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, preaching a sermon in behalf of it which was published and widely circulated.

Annual Meeting of the Institution at Bristol, England.

(Abridged from the Bristol Times and Mirror, Feb. 23rd, 1875.)

The annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of the above institution was held yesterday, at the Victoria rooms. The Lord Bishop of the diocese presided over a good attendance, and among those present were the Rev. Canon Mather, T. C. Price, W. Hazledine, C. D. Strong; Messrs. W. P. Sibree, Godwin, Taylor, W. Terrell, J. F. Nicholls, J. Franklyn (hon. secretary) &c. The proceedings having been opened with prayer by the chaplain to the institution, the Rev. T. C. Price, the Right Rev. Chairman turned to the pupils, who were seated on the platform, and with the finger language said "God bless you."

The Rev. T. C. Price read the following report:—

In presenting their thirty-third annual report to the subscribers and friends of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, your committee are thankful at being able to speak favorably of its continued usefulness. The number of children at present under instruction is 35—19 boys and 16 girls. Mr. Smith, the master, makes the following report on the present state of the school:—

"During the past year five boys and one girl have left the institution. Of the boys, two have been apprenticed to the trade of shoemaking, and one to that of wood carving, one was removed on account of the inability of his parents to continue the payment for his board, and the other, whose parents had removed to Yorkshire, was transferred to a similar institution at Doncaster. Nine new pupils were admitted, this being a larger number than in any previous year since 1866. The work of instruction has gone on regularly and steadily, with very gratifying results. One lady, the benefactress of two of the pupils, writes—'I am much pleased with the progress the children have made, and I am sure your method of teaching must be very good; for the little boy has got on seems wonderful, as he has only been at school twelve months. They seem happier at school than at home, and are glad to get back.' The appointment of a male teacher, Mr. Gill, has been a very successful experiment, and the influence thus exercised among the boys has been highly beneficial. I am happy to be able to speak of his vigilance, industry, and faithfulness, in terms of unqualified praise. I cannot close my report without an expression of thankfulness that the efforts of the committee to erect a more suitable building have been crowned with success, thus providing large and well-ventilated rooms with improved means of classification and appliances for instruction, better arrangement for the separation of the sexes when out of school; the superior lavatories and bath-rooms, and the separation of play-grounds, all tending to the better order and greater efficiency of the establishment, and the health of the pupils."

The assistant teachers, Miss Nicholls and Miss Yeoman, continue to give satisfaction by their zeal and attention to their duties. The best thanks of your committee are tendered to the Ladies' Committee for their valuable co-operation and superintendence of the domestic arrangements. They desire to record their sense of the valuable services of Dr. Dew, the honorary medical officer, and tender their best thanks to General Younghouse, the deputy-treasurer and to the honorary secretary, Mr. John Franklyn, for their zealous discharge of their duties. They also sincerely thank Miss E. Thomas, Miss Ada Wood, Miss Matson, and other ladies, for the handsome collections made by them in aid of the funds. Miss Matson has conferred a further obligation by undertaking and successfully carrying out a suggestion of the master for provision of a cabinet to contain a collection of objects, and for a very useful set of object lessons; and they beg to acknowledge the zeal and kindness of Mrs. Field in obtaining donations towards furnishing the schoolroom with the handsome globe it now possesses. The object collection will afford an especially valuable

auxiliary in imparting information to the deaf and dumb, and the globe will greatly facilitate their instruction in geography.

In reference to the important subject of the new building, the committee would observe that in the contract entered into with Mr. Gay it was stipulated that it should be completed by June, 1874; in consequence, however, of its being found necessary to make certain alterations and additions not included in the original plan, some delay took place, but the building was so far completed at the time specified that it was thought expedient not to postpone the opening, which took place on the 16th of June. It was determined, with the view of obtaining assistance towards providing additional furniture and the expenses of removal, to inaugurate the event by holding a bazaar on the premises. As soon as the intention to do so was made known, numerous handsome and appropriate articles were kindly contributed for the tables. The bazaar took place on the 16th of June and following day, and the committee have the gratification of stating that owing to the good arrangements and zealous exertions of the Ladies' Committee, assisted by many kind friends, it was attended with considerable success, the proceeds, after deducting expenses, amounting to £200 14s. 10d. (\$1,000.) They have now the great pleasure of congratulating the subscribers on its completion, and they tender their best thanks to those friends who have so liberally responded to their appeal for assistance in carrying out the good work so long desired by the supporters of the charity. At the same time they have to express regret that there is still a debt of £1,800 9,000 on the building.

One of the chief objects in erecting the new institution has been achieved, viz., providing accommodation for double the number of pupils formerly under instruction in Park-row. Numerous applications for admission have been recently made; of these, the greater part have had no result, in some cases owing to the children being under the required age, but more largely, it is feared, from the inability of the parents to pay the sum required by the rules for board, viz., £10 (\$50) per annum. Some are not fortunate enough to obtain assistance from benevolent friends, nor in such circumstances as to avail themselves of the provision made by the Poor-law Board. Your committee greatly regret that at present the state of the finances will not justify their relaxing the rules referred to.

The Rev. T. C. Price also read the financial statement, from which it appeared that the year commenced with a balance in hand amounting to £226 0s. 2d. The payments for children amounted to £333 1s. 1d.; subscriptions, £215; donations, £141 1s. 1d.; collections, £115; and other items brought up the total to £2,045 16s. 10d. (\$10,220.) The year concluded with a balance in hand of £115 18s. (\$575.)

The Chairman said that as the examination of the pupils would take place after the speeches, it had been determined that the oratory should be somewhat shortened. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts, and said he was most happy to be present with them that day, because since his first connection with Bristol he had been a humble supporter of that excellent institution. He now rejoiced to hear of its prosperity, and to learn that they had moved into the new and handsome institution. He need not remind that large and sympathetic audience of the position in which those dear children right and left of him were placed. He really believed that the state of the deaf and dumb was most imperfectly estimated, either by a general audience like that, or by a speaker like himself. He had the good fortune only a week ago to be with the admirable chaplain of the Royal Association in London—the Rev. Mr. Smith, brother of Mr. Smith, who was doing such good work in the Bristol Institution (hear, hear.) Mr. Smith kindly drew his attention to a few facts, and among other things to the popular idea that the deaf and dumb person was better off than the blind. A little consideration of the subject would lead one to doubt whether that popular opinion was correct, and whether the deaf and dumb did not require their sympathies even more than their suffering brothers, the blind.

Many of them would remember that one who, he thought, was deaf and dumb from his earliest years, and who achieved for himself an honorable name, Dr. Kitto, in a very interesting book recorded his judgment that certainly the loss of this particular sense, as regarded all mental and spiritual development, was more serious than the loss of sight. Only two or three days ago he met one who, perhaps, was our most distinguished philosopher, and he (the Bishop) thought he might avail himself of the opportunity of asking his opinion on the subject. He said he really had not entered into the question, but sight was undoubtedly the highest of the senses, because by sight we judged of relation. Sight was clearly the first of the senses, but he was unable either to prove or disprove that on which he was seeking for further information. But that consideration would at once have weight with some of them.

Supposing some of them listened attentively to an interesting lecture, and another person spent the same time in reading it. Which would make the most mental impression, half an hour spent in reading a lecture or half an hour spent in attentively listening to it? Everyone present would, he thought, agree with him that the attentive hearing, possibly in some degree the action of the speaker, and certainly the intonation of the voice, would give some force to the idea, some strength to the reasoning, so that any one with both senses would feel that they undoubtedly received very much from the hearing of the ear. There was a great deal of psychological truth as well as spiritual truth in the words of the apostle that "Faith cometh by hearing."

Such a general idea as that was supported by what all their friends who had had experience of the deaf and dumb said. They told them that the difficulty of introducing knowledge and ideas into their minds was very great. It could be done, and was done to a very great extent by the beneficent action of such central societies as the Royal Association, or such local societies as their own. Still he was told there was much left undone. They might think that the seeing of the eye would supply nearly everything that was needed, but if they did not understand the things they saw they were still in a very deficient condition. If God were at that moment to open the mouths of the poor deaf little things around him, they would tell them this, and tell it most feelingly. That institution, therefore, was most useful. It supplied the children with the means of earning an honest livelihood, and that could be done with comparative ease, and no doubt that in such temporal things as earning the bread by the sweat of their brow, the deaf and dumb were better off than the blind. In spiritual matters, however, they were not so well off, and he thought that audience would agree with him that the spiritual realm was of vital importance. It was not merely that the children should be able to read, but that they should be able to gather into their minds the things which were presented to them, and take steps toward the salvation of their immortal souls.

He was told in London, and he thought it might be at once perceived by his friends, that the language of those poor creatures was after all but broken English. They could understand as far as signs went, and as far as the mind was opened, but after all the greater part of that which they (his hearers) assimilated, because they enjoyed the hearing of the ear, was to them completely lost. Much might be done, and much was done, but let no one present fail to remember that the education of the deaf and dumb was of the greatest importance, not only for the mental, but for the spiritual development. There were now in London eight places of worship, and 14 services each week entirely for those who were deaf and dumb, and the blessings conferred by these beneficent agencies would only be known when they passed on the other side, and when sorrow and suffering were no more (applause).

[We omit the brief addresses that followed, and the various resolutions of thanks.—FOR. ED. JOURNAL]

The children were then examined by the master on various subjects, and the written answers they gave showed a fair amount of general knowledge, and that under the excellent system of tuition employed at the institution they were able to express themselves clearly and accurately.

Swindling the Afflicted.

We find the following floating about in the papers:

The citizens of West Boylston, Mass., the past week have been imposed upon by two well dressed persons who, by inquiries, found out the names of several persons who are deaf; and going to one claimed they had nearly cured another whose name they would give. The price for a cure was from \$50 to \$100, with a payment in advance. In one instance a gentleman gave them \$10, when they left something made of wire which came over the top of the head and down behind the ears, and told him to wear it four hours a day for eight weeks, claiming that it would keep up a current of electricity that would restore the functions of hearing entirely.

From this person they went to another and told him about the same, with the addition that the first was nearly cured of his deafness, but asked the second person to pay fifteen dollars as an advance fee, which he finally concluded to defer until he could make some inquiries of the parties referred to. And when this was done the swindle was apparent to all.

MARRIED:

CAMPBELL—WILT.—On April 4th, at the residence of Joseph Stevenson, Esq., West Philadelphia, Franklin Campbell, of New York, to Miss Sarah Wilt, of Philadelphia.

DUSUZEAU—FREEMAN.—On March 1st, at the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Paris, France, Ernest Francois Dusuzeau, B. A., of Montreal, second daughter of Jas. B. Freeman, formerly of Philadelphia and New York.

Meteorology.

Highest barometer, March, 1875, 29.72; lowest, 29.05; mean, 29.47. Average temperature at 7 a. m., 19°; 7 p. m., 31.6°; 2 p. m., 24.1°; mean, 24.77°. This has been the coldest March, with the exception of 1872 and 1869, since 1856.

March came in like a lion and continued cold up to the 24th. After that the weather grew more mild and the snow began to settle, though sleighing held out till April 1st. There have been 120 days of sleighing.

The amount of snow-fall was 23½ inches. Rain only one-tenth of an inch.

The oldest inhabitant is willing to acknowledge that we have had the coldest winter, deepest snows and hardest gales known yet. We have had some bright, sunny weather, and the winter has not passed away without its pleasure.

E. B. BARTLETT.
Palermo, N. Y., April 5, 1875.

Two black wild ducks committed suicide in a tree on the premises of Wm. Peuffel, one day last week. One of them broke its neck by flying against a limb, which it also broke. Whether the other, like Gill, "went tumbling after," we are not quite sure, but with broken wing it quitted over the house to the other side, where it fell dead. The birds are supposed to have been temporarily insane.

Peter Gray has 4,000 more trout just hatched.

Letter from Rev. A. S. Walker.

FRIEND HUMPHRIES:—I believe I promised you, in my former letter, to let you know what further developments might be made in regard to the Johnston tragedy. You may be already familiar with the facts of the case, as reporters for the New York dailies have been on the ground and have reported to their respective papers; nevertheless it may perhaps interest you to hear from one living so near the scene of the fearful crime, and whose ears are familiar with the latest facts and rumors.

There has been very substantial progress made in developing the case since I last wrote. The coroner's jury sat daily for two weeks, and there was a very thorough sifting of all available evidence. As the result of all, a verdict was rendered charging the commission of the crime on Frederick Smith, a former partner of Mr. Yost.

From the very first it has been manifest that the murder must have been committed by some acquaintance of Mr. Yost's, and suspicion soon pointed to Smith as the guilty man. The evidence is, of course, only circumstantial, but is regarded by those most familiar with it as of a strong character.

The chief points are these. First, Smith is proved to have been out on a drinking and gambling carousal on the night of the murder, and his whereabouts is traced up to nearly the time when the murder must have been committed. He says that he then went home and went to bed, but this he cannot prove. Secondly, Smith had the character of being very cruel in his business as butcher, and evidently none but a very cruel-hearted man could have committed such a murder, it being testified to by the physicians that Mr. Yost must have been burned before he was dead. Still further, Smith had frequently been allowed by Yost to sleep in the bank with him, and hence he would have had no difficulty in being admitted. Moreover, Smith was well acquainted with the dog, and indeed, had perfect control over him. Then again, Smith's conduct, when his father told him that Yost had been murdered and the bank set on fire, was very suspicious. Instead of going down at once to see the dead body of his former partner, as would naturally be the case, he stayed away for more than an hour, and then acted strangely when at last he did go down to the bank.

He was also proved to have stood very near Mr. Hayes in the crowd, and upon the same side as the pocket, in which, as you will recollect, the missing bank key was found. And still further, it is thought that a silver piece which Smith gave to one of his female friends, is one of the pieces that Yost was accustomed to carry in his pocket. If this last fact shall be fully established, the case against Smith will certainly be very strong.

The theory of those who believe Smith to be guilty, is as follows: Smith, as we have said, has been proved to have been out on drinking and gambling spree late the night previous. It is supposed that he went to the bank and called to Yost, asking to come in and stay with him, as it was so late his father's house would be locked. Yost opens the door, and while going back to his bed in the small room, is shot in the back of the head. He falls to the floor, but not being dead, is shot again. Still making some movement, and perhaps groaning, his legs are tied, and his mouth bandaged, and the building is set on fire, in the hope that its burning would effectually conceal the crime. Smith has been arrested and placed in the old Johnston jail (it is 106 years old), to await the action of the grand jury, which sits the 26th of this month. It is the opinion of those best informed in the case, that he will be promptly indicted; though it is but justice to Smith to say that he stoutly denies the crime, and it seems hard to suppose that one so young could be so hardened as to commit one of the most brutal murders, taking into account all the circumstances, which has ever come to my knowledge.

Spring is coming rapidly upon us, and we are rejoicing in the speedy prospect of green fields once more.

Very truly yours,
A. S. WALKER.
Gloversville, April 8, 1875.

AN ORTHOGRAPHICAL BATTLE.

At last we have an attack of this fashionable fever, and the spelling school is to come off on Wednesday evening of next week at the Presbyterian church. Arrangements are not fully completed, but it is expected that Mr. J. C. Taylor will be the school master, that G. G. French, Esq., and Hon. T. W. Skinner, will choose sides, and that Rev. J. P. Stratton, Mrs. Stratton, Prof. Havens, D. W. C. Peck, M. L. Wright, Prosper Taylor, Anson Gustin, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. T. G. Brown, Mrs. Humphries, everybody in this office, school children, &c., &c., will take part. Prizes will be given, among which will be a speller to the one who gets down first. We expect to receive that ourselves.

We offer as a suggestion to the committee of arrangements that, either before or after the above named contest, 25 young ladies compete with 25 young gentlemen.

These spelling matches, wherever held, have excited the greatest interest, and apart from their social aspect are productive of much good. It is proposed that none but common words shall be "put out," so that nobody need be afraid to join in the contest. Admission 10 cts. Those who don't want to be laughed needn't come.

Two black wild ducks committed suicide in a tree on the premises of Wm. Peuffel, one day last week. One of them broke its neck by flying against a limb, which it also broke. Whether the other, like Gill, "went tumbling after," we are not quite sure, but with broken wing it quitted over the house to the other side, where it fell dead. The birds are supposed to have been temporarily insane.

NORTH VOLNEY.

MR. EDITOR:—We are permitted again to welcome spring, and it causes us to rejoice to behold the bare ground once more.

We have had a long, cold winter, and this is why we are more pleased with the return of spring and the singing of birds. Perhaps we can look back through the past winter without a shudder, now that it is getting warmer; at any rate we will try.

The first snow last fall was on Oct. 14, when 2 inches fell, but it very soon disappeared, and that finished up the snow for that month. In Nov. 1874, we had 18 inches of snow, with some sleighing after the 20th. The mean of the month at 7 a. m., was 31.5 deg. Lowest point of mercury 15 deg. above zero, and highest 62 deg.

In Dec. we had 17 inches of snow with sleighing the most of the month. Mean at 7 a. m., 21.8 deg. Lowest point 10 deg. below zero, and highest 44 deg. above.

Jan., 1875, 29 inches of snow, and a very cold month; only 3 colder in 22 years, viz: 1856, '57 and '66. Lowest point 8 deg. below zero, and highest 32 deg. above. Sleighing through the month. Feb. was the coldest month in 22 years, except Jan., 1857. The fall of snow was 24 inches, with a plenty of sleighing; some of the time "stay to kill." Highest point of mercury 54 deg., and lowest 22 deg. below zero. Mean at 7 a. m., 7.2 deg.

No thaw from Dec. 28 to Feb. 20, except Feb. 3d.

March was a cold month, and coldest in 22 years except 1856 and 1872.—Mean at 7 a. m., 19.3 deg. Lowest point 7 deg. below zero, and highest 53 deg. above. Snow 20 inches.

The 22d and 23d of March people were very much inclined to think that "winter" lingered in the lap of spring, with the mercury 4 deg. below zero on the first day, and 7 below on the last. In some places a great deal colder. This is the first instance in my recollection of the mercury below zero after the 20th of March.

It came very near it March 19, 1861, with the mercury at 3 deg. below. These are the only months, (March 1861 and 1875,) showing the mercury below zero after the 15th.

We haven't come down to wagoning, although a plenty of snow in some places at this date. The first run of wagons in this vicinity was on the 5th of April. Last Saturday, the 3d, the mail was carried in a cutter from Vermilion to Lansing, but the 7th it was carried through on a skeleton buggy. I think it will have to be carried on wheels after this, or until fall.

Death took from our midst, March 21, Innis Conover, of the age of 85 years. He had been totally blind for 45 years or more. He was the father of the two Mrs. Druces, of this place. He formerly resided Lysander, Onondaga Co., and was taken there for burial on March 23d.

There has been no burial in our cemetery since Nov. 10, 1874. We are thankful for the "smiles of providence."

Miss Savalla Druce is to teach our school this summer, and she is "a number one."

I will say to my friend Odd that I shall try to visit Parish during the next court at Pulaski, and expect to learn much of his town.

F. W. S.
North Volney, April 10, 1875.

The Wimple Case.

The coroner's jury in the case of Chas. Wimple, whose decease we mentioned a week or two since, has given a verdict that his death was caused by poison supposed to have been administered by Emma Wimple (his wife) and Nelson Cool.

A little daughter of Mr. Wimple, aged five years, tells the story that she was up stairs and heard her father, sick in the room below, pleading with her mother and Cool to let him up. She went down and saw them holding him; he continued begging to be released when Cool threw the bed clothes over his head and held them there till her father died.

The theory of those who credit this story is that the poison, being administered in too large doses, was likely to fail of the desired effect, and this course was resorted to.

Patrons of Husbandry.

The quarterly meeting of the Oswego County Council of Patrons of Husbandry was held at the Grangers' Hall, in this village, on Tuesday. There was a large number of delegates in attendance, nearly every Grange in the county being represented. The reports from most of the Granges indicated substantial progress, though the severe storms of the past winter had very much interfered with the holding of the weekly meetings. The proceedings of the Council were very harmonious, questions of importance were discussed and many valuable suggestions made. There

New York Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The aged deaf-mute applicant about whom I made some allusion in my last letter turns out to be a young German woman, some twenty-one years of age. She was educated in her fatherland according to the common way of teaching deaf-mutes in some of the principal schools of Germany. Possessing no knowledge of the English language and not being familiar with the use of the manual alphabet or signs, and of an idiotic turn of mind, combined with a high temper, renders her spiritual and temporal condition most deplorable. It is thought that her parents are in circumstances able to support her. We trust there are very few cases like this among the deaf-mutes in this country or in Europe. Is it not enough to be deaf and dumb without adding blindness or idiocy to such infirmities?

A select party of friends assembled at the house of Mr. W. M. Genet on the evening of Feb. 22d, to congratulate his eldest daughter Cornelia on the good fortune which has come to her in the person of a little boy. Mr. Genet's many friends will be glad to hear that he has become grandfather at last. Only a few mutes were among the company. We suppose everything passed off merrily and pleasantly. The writer of this letter has been informed on good authority that Mr. Genet is of French descent, his father having at one time served under the first Napoleon—at the memorable battle of Waterloo. No doubt some of the deaf-mutes can boast of relatives who have fought in some of the most remarkable battles of the world's history—fought under the stars and stripes—under the champion of our American independence, our glorious Washington.

The noblest banner under which a deaf-mute can fight his way safely through this world is that of Jesus Christ. Under the shelter of its pure white folds he is safe; all danger is kept at bay and none can harm.

On the night of March 11th, Mr. G. C. W. Gamage lectured for the first time before the Manhattan Deaf-mute Literary Association, his subject being "Maria Antoinette," the heroic wife of the unfortunate king of France, Louis XVI. An unusually large assemblage of mutes was present and they were profoundly interested, as Mr. Gamage is famous for the clearness and gracefulness of his signs.

Mr. J. W. Conklin lectured before this association the next Thursday evening, March 18th, his subject being, we think, "Lord Nelson," a distinguished admiral of the British navy. The gentlemen above mentioned have been connected with the New York Institution as teachers for many years, and are proficient in the use of signs and the mode of instructing those placed under their care.

Intelligent and well-educated deaf-mutes are welcome to lecture before our city association, and their services are cordially approved of by Rev. Dr. Galaudet.

The building fund for the new National Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes is slowly but surely increasing. We learn from Mr. Fitzgerald, the treasurer, who called at the Home last Tuesday evening, that he has deposited some six hundred dollars in the bank. Owing to the hard times the mites do not come in as fast as could be wished, but we must have more patience and wait for the good time coming. Mrs. Totten is indefatigable in her efforts to collect money for this noble Christian charity, and has added about fifty dollars to the six hundred within the past three months; and though she has met with slight refusals to aid this good work, she is determined to push forward with might and main to the utmost of her ability. Who will follow her example and do likewise? Perhaps it is not generally known that she became a teacher when she was only eighteen. She was married at eighteen and left a widow at twenty-one, her first husband being a nephew of Samuel L. Mitchell, one of the earliest directors of the New York Institution, even before Dr. H. P. Peet was its principal.

The New York mutes were not a little surprised to hear of the death of Andrew Armstrong, the Scotch peddler, as he had been so well known among them. He was educated at Edinburgh, Scotland, had never learned a trade; so life fared hard with him.

Mrs. C. S. Newell called at the Home yesterday afternoon, and looked happy and well. When she was introduced to Mr. Edward Cook, one of the inmates, she was forcibly reminded of Dr. H. P. Peet, whom he resembles in some respect, he being perhaps the oldest inmate of the Home, as he has just reached his sixty-ninth year.

L. A. W.
New York, March 24, 1875.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have had more than our usual share of cold weather this year, for winter lingered in the lap of spring till it seemed as if she would never be free from his icy grasp, but must keep all the dear little buds folded close within her heart. Now she has at last sent him off and March went out not like a lion but like a lamb and we had a touch of real spring weather the last few days, and nature rejoiced in tears of joy, for Saturday she was all smiles and tears. Soon we expect to see her robed in green, for the noble Hudson is carrying the ice off to the ocean and soon will carry steam boats and mail-boats loaded with all the signs of a good state of trade.

The teachers and pupils enjoy the bright spring days that bring health and strength to all. But on Friday, the 26th of March, it was so cold that the ground was covered with ice and Albert Deroe, one of the pupils, fell and broke his leg, and is obliged to remain quiet in bed.

On Easter Sunday we had service in the chapel as usual. In the morning Mr. Westervelt, one of the teachers, lectured,

and in the afternoon, Dr. Peet, the Principal, delivered a very beautiful sermon on the observation of the day. The chapel was decked with lovely flowers, while a beautiful picture, called Consecration, was hung above the slates, and just below a beautiful life-size medallion of the late Dr. H. P. Peet, which bears a striking likeness to our late Principal.

On Thursday, April 1st, Mrs. Ray, the mother of one of our pupils presented a beautifully framed motto, with the following inscription painted in hand-some letters of crimson, blue and gold: "They rest from their labors and their works do follow them," and in the centre was a beautiful little cross with a scroll with the words, "In memory of H. P. Peet." The presentation was made by her pastor, Rev. Wellington Wesley Bowditch, who, after telling us how anxious Mrs. Ray was that we should have some token of her great regard for the late Dr. Peet, and for the noble work to which he had devoted his whole life, said among other interesting things, that he was to-day strongly reminded of a visit he once paid to the London Institution for Deaf-Mutes. On that occasion as they passed from room to room, the principal took him in one room where he asked the pupils a number of questions, among which were the following: "Who made the world? To which one little boy replied, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'" And when asked, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, when others hear and speak?" He replied, "Even so Father for so it seemeth good in thy sight." These answers so beautiful in themselves and so suited to the occasion, made the Rev. Dr. Bowditch feel deeply the importance of the blessing of a good education to the deaf and dumb, and showed what a beautiful life-work was before the teachers of this class and what a blessing it was that by this life-work of good and noble men the deaf who were formerly so entirely shut off from all means of communicating with the outside world, could now not only understand and converse with their fellow beings by means of writing, &c., but could also communicate with his Creator by means of prayer, and learn how to do His holy will by reading the Book of books, that contains the Word of God.

On Sunday, April 4th, Mr. Conklin lectured in the chapel in the morning, and Dr. Peet in the afternoon as usual. Then Captain Hart, ex-Chief of the River Police, made some interesting remarks about the importance of living a good life that always brought its own reward, and related some of the evil effects of a life of indifference and neglect of duty.

Captain Hart will be remembered by all the readers of this paper, who graduated from this institution, as he so often called here and always had some interesting story to tell us. He has been lecturing in Carmansville this winter for the benefit of the poor, and has done all that he could to help those that he knew needed and deserved to be helped, so that the good and deserving poor have as much cause to love and respect him, as the evil disposed had cause to dread his sharp eyes and ready performance of duty.

Z.
New York, April 7th, 1875.

West Virginia Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

We have just passed through a very severe winter. All the farmers are complaining bitterly of being behind-hand in all their work. They say that the past winter is the severest they have ever known. Although it was so cold and nearly all our pipes were laid in the months of Nov. and Dec., not one of them was frozen. We have had great good luck thus far. Many improvements are to be made about the grounds of the institution this spring. The work of beautifying has been commenced already. A fountain has been put in operation in the front grounds, and walks and drives are being made. When the grounds have all been laid off nicely, it is intended to plant shrubbery and evergreens. The grounds are to be re-fenced and hedged. If after these improvements the centre of the building were carried up one story higher, the general effect would be much enhanced. The building, as it now stands, is two stories high with a mansard roof. It is too low, and the carrying up of the centre would relieve the flatness which is now so prominent a feature. All the pupils and officers are in good health. We have been very fortunate this session. There has not been a serious case of sickness with us this year. We are blessed with a healthy location for our institution.

Romney is a very healthy place, but that is its only recommendation. It is, I think, the dullest place on earth. News is as scarce as greenbacks. We have no railroad to this point, but have been expecting one for a year, and it is supposed that the road will be completed by the 1st of July at the latest. What a blessing it will prove to this community. People will get a bit of news occasionally and breathe more freely, as they will be able sometimes to turn about without having the gossips criticize the move. Romney is the greatest scandal market in the country. The removal of the State capital from Charleston to Wheeling is creating quite an excitement all over the state. The Legislature passed a bill removing the capital to Wheeling. The Charlestonians are quite indignant and have issued an injunction against the removal on the ground of unconstitutionality. It is not thought that the injunction will be sustained. The Charlestonians call the removal a high-handed robbery. Wheeling, of course, is jubilant. The city council of that city has appropriated a square of ground and \$100,000 to build a capitol. Every state paper that comes to the institution now contains a leader on the "capital removal question". Spelling matches are raging in Wheeling and other cities in the west and the fever is rapidly spreading towards the east.

G.

Illinois Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Quite a party, consisting of members of the Deaf-Mute Society of Chicago, gave Miss A. A. Fuller, a semi-mute lady, a surprise, and presented her, as tokens of friendship and respect, with a very beautiful and handsome tourist case filled with stationery and all other things necessary for writing, and a handsome photograph album with the following inscription in gilded letters on both outside: "Miss A. A. Fuller, from the Deaf-Mute Society of Chicago, 1875."

Miss Fuller has been spending the winter with a brother in the city, and there she was made the happy recipient of the presents, which, marking included, cost about thirteen dollars. Mrs. Raffington, President of the Society, made the presentation address in behalf of the society in which she assured Miss Fuller that the presents bore not only the evidence of their warm friendship for her, but also their high appreciation of the interest she has manifested and the great good she has done for the organization. At the conclusion of her remarks, Miss F. responded briefly, expressing her heartfelt thanks. After which the party were treated to a bountiful lunch and participated in the enjoyment of a variety of games till midnight. Miss Fuller was a classmate of mine at the Illinois Institution. She is a bright and intelligent lady, and a good Christian. As a writer she has won a good reputation by her frequent contributions to deaf-mute journals.

E. P. H.

News of the Week.

There was a destructive storm in Arkansas, Thursday; five persons were killed.

The British House of Commons, by a vote of 152 to 187, refused to order to a second reading a bill to enable unmarried women to vote at Parliamentary elections. Mr. Disraeli voted with the minority.

A Washington dispatch says: "France is the only one of the 22 nations that has declined to sign the international postal treaty."

The continued exiling of professors of Madrid University may cause a fall of the ministry: It is said that General Cancha has been officially invited to leave Spain.

Two suits have been begun against Wm. M. Tweed—one to recover \$6,000,000 of the money stolen by him, and the other for his arrest in case he should be liberated from his present imprisonment.

Troops have been sent by Governor Hartman to the scene of the mining troubles in Luzerne County, Pa.

The President declares himself strongly in favor of the settlement of all international questions by arbitration.

A bridge over the Platte at Schuyler, Nebraska, was blown away by a whirlwind, Wednesday.

The Canal Board has rescinded five contracts, let March 7, because the bid prices were so far below the engineer's estimates.

Mrs. Judge Nelson died at Coopers-town, Friday morning, at four o'clock.

One of the adverse reports agreed to in the Assembly, on Friday—Enabling husband and wife to testify in cases in which either is a party.

The European steamship lines have raised the passage rates from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

The total supply of Pennsylvania coal is \$10,459 more tons this year than last. Brigham Young has been re-elected president of the Mormon Church.

A band of robbers were surprised while at work in a warehouse in Chicot, Arkansas, Thursday night; two were killed, one drowned and two escaped.

The Arapahos and Cheyennes, confined at the Cheyenne agency, have fought the troops and escaped.

Paul Boynton swam all but eight miles of the fifty between Dover, England, and Boulogne, France, in his life-saving apparatus.

The residence of Philander P. Clifford, Vineyard Haven, Mass., was burned Monday. His wife, an invalid, was burned to death.

In the House of Commons, Monday, Disraeli expressed the opinion that nothing further would come of the Prussian-Belgium matter, but in case Belgium's neutrality was threatened the English government would do its duty.

Vice President Wilson has abandoned his European trip, declining to establish the precedent of a Vice President leaving the country during his term of office. He will probably visit the Pacific coast.

In an autograph letter accepting Treasurer Spinner's resignation, the President expresses the warmest sentiments for him as an individual and as an official.

Four men were killed at Massillon, Ohio, Monday, by the caving in of a shaft.

Patrick O' Shea, the wife murderer, hung, at St. Louis, Friday.

Official intelligence from Key West is that the reports of yellow fever have been exaggerated.

The President has appointed Richard Gibbs to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Peru.

Among the words to be offered at the Spelling Match next Wednesday evening, for the benefit of a young lady in our office, and other persons who boast of their intimate acquaintance with Webster and Worcester, we suggest the following:

Jeamorwhzzqmeecnywlnauvzlk.
Stemawlenawohvacewlmrmlenashum.
Lepadotemaghoselachogaleokrakioleiph.
hanoirimpothimachotekhepkossupho.
phatopieristertsktluonoptegkephokgr.
loleleialogossiralobaghetraganogkr.

Among those admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of this State, on the 8th inst., was Frederick M. Everts, a former resident of this town and a graduate of our Academy.

UNION SQUARE.

It is difficult to explain why the first day of April is called "All Fools' day," except from the fact that this is the annual moving day for a large class of people.

If Dr. Franklin's sayings are true, that "three moves are as bad as fire," and that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," it does seem a little foolish that there is so much moving every returning April Fools' day. Of course necessity compels many to move, and that is reason enough. But the cause in too many cases is a spirit of uneasiness, a disposition to think that by changing they will do better; sometimes realized, but usually not.

Our changes in this locality are as follows:

Mr. McNett, for several years on Judge Skinner's farm, has gone to Richmond Station; Mr. Wm. Wood from Albion to this place, and works the Judge's farm; Mr. George Preston, on Mr. H. Walker's farm last year, has purchased and taken possession of the Peckham farm—price \$2,650; Mr. Charles F. LeClaire, late of Parish, has moved on and is to work Mr. Walker's farm; Mr. W. M. Hollis, from the Woodville cheese factory, Jefferson county, has moved into our factory, and makes our cheese under the directions of Mr. George Davis. Mr. Davis has managed the factory very successfully the last three seasons, and the prospects are good for the coming summer.

Mr. G. H. Gardner has the job of sawing and curing the lumber at our steam mill. Mr. T. W. Skinner, its present owner, is to put in a new stationary boiler, which is very much needed.

Mr. W. Wilson, section boss on the railroad, has moved into the rooms over C. V. Hartson's store.

Our beautiful snow has melted away very rapidly, and spring and birds are here, and right gladly do we welcome them. We are now fast forgetting the very hard winter that is just past. Boiling sap (and but little of that), trimming fruit trees, fixing fences, splitting and piling wood, is now the order of the day.

Mr. Hoose is shipping potatoes at this station, pays four shillings per bushel.

We regret to say that our old friend and neighbor, Judge Skinner, has been quite unwell for the last two weeks. Mr. J. B. Davis has been confined to his house for some time, but now is some better.

Mrs. C. V. Hartson has been in Illinois for the last four months, taking care of a sick mother, and is expected home soon. She writes that they were plowing, and sowing wheat and oats about the first of this month.

II

Union Square, April 9, 1875.

COLOSSE.

Dew drops. Brand new maple sugar! I tell you, Bro. Humphries, it's sweet.

It really looks like spring our way. Robins, Phoebs and Blue-birds are out in their full spring fashions, and are tuning up their double-reed organs to splendid music.

Our cheese factory is to commence operations next week. R. H. Baker, Capt. of last season, is to command this season. He can do it.

Burke and Becker are stocking up ready for the spring trade. These gentlemen are determined to make it an object for farmers to come to Colosse to trade. These are grange stores, though, maybe they are not connected with the secret order; we don't know.

Mr. Bettinger, we understand, has sold his farm, or traded it for a hotel at Port Ontario whither he has gone.

Mrs. Beaupre and Father Reese are slowly improving though with little hopes that the latter will ever fully recover.

Bro. J. W. Martin is to leave us tomorrow, for Sandy Creek to take charge of the Baptist church of that place. Joy and prosperity go with him, and crown his labors with abundant success.

Mr. Geo. LeClaire died at the Quaker Mills in this township last Monday morning, and was buried Tuesday, the 6th inst. The funeral was held at the Protestant church, with appropriate services. Mr. LeClaire was nearly 48 years of age, a Protestant in faith, a good citizen, and highly respected. He leaves a wife, ten children and a large circle of kindred and friends to mourn his death.

E. D. PHILLIPS.
Colosse, April 7, 1875.

Miller's Carriage Manufactory.

We visited the above establishment one day this week. In the show rooms we saw one and two seated pony wagons; very fine, light and heavy platform wagons; phaetons; open and top buggies, about twenty in all. These were finished in the best possible style, and Mr. Miller thinks they are the best that he has ever made—that is a high recommendation, surely. He employs experienced workmen, and does all the work that is possible by machinery. The material used is the best. Hubs, felloes, spokes, axles, springs, &c., are bought of the manufacturer or wholesale dealer.

Nine wagons were in the paint shop, and others were nearly ready to be taken there.

Mr. Miller pays special attention to repairing wagons, carriages, etc.; and all work of this kind is immediately commenced and is completed as soon as possible.

He expects to manufacture about fifty wagons for the spring trade, and who doubts but what he will quickly dispose of them. Mr. Miller oversees every detail in the work in his shop, and what he offers for sale may be relied upon as a good article.

—Rev. A. S. Wightman of Syracuse, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning. Topic—Salvation. It was an instructive discourse.

PARISH.

The huge snow banks hesitate very much to leave us, still they are passing away gradually. We can joyfully, farrow to snow, and hurrah for genial spring.

Captain Boyd has sold his hotel to L. D. Snelly of Colosse. Possession to be given the 19th day of this month.

Large quantities of stone are again being shipped from this place to be thrown into Onondaga lake.

The branch school, Miss Margetta Norton, teacher, commenced yesterday.

Our grange store still continues to excite the people.

ODD.

Parish, April 13, 1875.

Thick Ar Spelin Skewl.

MEASTER EDITUR:—I am glad to hear thet thar iz to B a Spelin Mach tu kum of in hour vilag nex wik. Et iz jis wat iz nedid in theze dayz. Ver wile hour yungters ar buzy with laten en Jarmen an ither things, iz et not a fakt thay ar negleken orthgrifi, an kan hardle spel a wurd ov three silibiles. I am glad I was so wel drilld in spellen an other komon English branchis, an shal entur the kontest without an hesitence.

Yurs trule,
A LUVER OV GUD SPULEN.

Here is what a clergyman writes about "spelling matches." At last there has been brought out the innocent amusement for which good men have long been looking. It is about absolutely harmless. It neither heats the head nor affects the heart. It does not induce "Jownecks," nor tempt with an accompanying wine cup. It is as innocent as skim-milk. It is as unpretending as the old-time apple-paring parties in the east. It only needs a spelling-book, to be bought for fifty cents, and all the accessories are in hand.

That it is softening up a good deal even in this climate was demonstrated, so we are told, near "Bang All," the other day. Mr. John Johnson started for Mexico, and to save distance he launched out on to his mill pond. When half way out, the ice gave way, and Johnson went at least half way into the water. Fortunately he got safely out and went back to the house to dry. It is an old saying that the longest way round is the safest way home. It is not always true. But it is just as true that the shortest end is not the safest way to Mexico in time of a thaw.—Parish Mirror.

When a clergyman applies at the depot for a minister's ticket, and the official ventures to express a doubt as to his clerical character, he says: "I'll read one of my sermons." The ticket is passed over instantly, without any proof.

All the employees of this office are brushing up their spelling, preparatory to taking part in the spelling match. All are practicing, from the boss to the "devil" who confidently expects to gain the prize. So much progress has been made by one of our compositors that he spelled gnaw n-a-n-g-h. He thinks himself "sum" on orthography.

WE RECOMMEND—the Red Star Clearing Powder, for sale by the Cobb Bros. We have tried it and found it an excellent article to clean and polish silver, and it is recommended also to clean gold, brass, tin, marble, crockery, glass, &c. It does not scratch or otherwise injure the surface to which it is applied.

—Mr. C. S. Mayo, Myron Collins, and Ed. Everts have been quite ill, but we are glad to learn that all three of them are now somewhat better. Arthur Sampson has also been quite ill, and is still confined to the house.

—Eugene Marion, an Oswego fireman, aged 18 years, so over-exerted himself at a fire, April 9, that he suddenly died upon the streets. A post mortem examination revealed the fact that he had heart disease, and a coroner's jury rendered a verdict in accordance with these facts.

—S. Dunham & Co. are arranging to do a large sweet corn canning business near Sandy Creek. They will can the sweet corn produced on 50 to 60 acres, paying 40 cents a bushel for unhusked corn. They now have orders for 55,000 cans. They will employ about 60 persons.

—C. S. Mayo has sold the Mexico House to L. M. Hayes, for \$10,000. Mr. Hayes will conduct it on temperance principles, and we hope our citizens will do all they can to aid him in his efforts to keep a first-class Temperance house. We understand that he will continue the Empire hotel as a licensed house.

—Cottage prayer meetings are being held two or three times a week in this village and vicinity. They are largely attended and of great interest.

—Lessons in orthography given at this office, from 7 a. m. till 5 p. m. from now till the evening of the spelling match. Terms low, and satisfaction guaranteed.

—A pocketbook was found at Oswego, in a heap of rubbish, a few days since, which it is believed may lead to the detection of robbery or murder. Three bonds, of the value of \$2,000, and a note of \$600 were found in the book. The owner has since proved to be John Strong, of Palmyra, from whom they were stolen several months ago.

—Mr. Ira Lee has gone to Syracuse, where he will be head of the cloak department in the store of Mr. Williams. Mr. Lee is a young man of character, ability and Christian principle, such as we can ill afford to lose from our village, and such as when known are eagerly sought for. We congratulate both him and his employer.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.
WILL DEPARTMENT EVERY BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M., Who needs no introduction to our readers. HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.

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What is His Creed.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.

That was his deed;
He did it well;
"What was his creed?"
I can not tell.

Blessed "in his basket and in his store,"
In setting down and rising up;
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.
He took the lead
In each good task.
"What was his creed?"
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white, and silent in its fall!
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves; a pall
For flower and weed,
Drooping below,
"What was his creed?"
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope-inspiring words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
"What was his creed?"
I can not say.

In words he did not put his trust,
His faith in words he never wavered,
He loved to share his cup and trust
With all mankind who needed it.
In time of need
A friend was he,
"What was his creed?"
He told not me.

He put his trust in heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed,
For life is brief,
"What was his creed?"
"What his belief?"

Sleeping Together.

More quarrels occur between brothers,
Between sisters, between servant girls,
Between clerks, between apprentices in mechanics' shops, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to the electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together at night under the same bed-clothes, than any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so disarrange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force, as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorptive in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while the eliminator will be tumbling and tossing restless and nervous, and wake up in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding, and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defied almost universally.—*Exchange.*

Out This Out.

Every person should know how to treat a flesh wound. Every one is liable to be placed in circumstances away from surgical and veterinary aid, where he may save his own life, the life of a friend or a beast, simply by the exercise of a little common sense. In the first place, close the lips of the wound within the hands and hold them firmly together to check the flow of blood until several stitches can be taken and a bandage applied. Then bathe the wound for a long time in cold water. "Should it be painful," a correspondent says, "take a painful of burning cloths and sprinkle upon them common brown sugar and hold the wound part in the smoke. In a minute or two the pain will be allayed, and the recovery proceeds rapidly. In my case a rusty nail had made a bad wound in my foot. The pain and nervous irritation were severe. This was all removed by holding it in smoke fifteen minutes, and I was able to resume my reading in comfort. We have often recommended it to others with like result. Last week one of my men had a finger nail torn out by a pair of ice tongs. It became very painful, as was to be expected. Held in sugar smoke twenty minutes pain ceased and promised speedy recovery.—*Ez.*

A story is told of an old gentleman who always took notes of the minister's sermons, and on one occasion read them to the minister himself. "Stop, stop!" said the latter, on the occurrence of a certain sentence, "I didn't say that." "I know you didn't," was the reply; "I put that in myself to make sense."

On All Fools' Day some Hartford wag sent letters to most of the members of the clerical profession, inviting them, singly, to be present at the United States Hotel to unite a couple in marriage. Not dreaming of a trick, and not knowing that others had been invited, each clergyman who had received a note went to the hotel at the appointed hour, and all found they had been made the victims of a practical joke. It is said that nine ministers were there at one time.

A clergyman in Fond du Lac, Wis., publicly prayed: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that my hated wife is the one great obstacle in the way of a revival in my church. Wilt Thou, in Thy goodness, remove her?" The next day the wife removed herself to her father's house, and now the petitioner is likely to be removed by his congregation.

The latest addition to the umbrella is a pane of glass, inserted in the front breadth, through which the holder can see his way.

Facts and Fancies.

—The best eternity is for those who pay the best interest on time.

—Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.

—Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.

—No books so plain as the lives of men; no characters so legible as their moral conduct.

—He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

—That man who knows the world will not be bashful, and he who knows himself will not be impudent.

—If all the actors would stop and think, and all the thinkers start and act, the world would be better presently.

—"Tom, what in the world put matrimony in your head?" "Well, the fact is, I was getting short of shirts."

—True love can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap than flowers are marred by timely rains.

—The three things that enrich genius are, contentment of mind, the cherishing of good thoughts, and exercising the memory.

—When starting in life, we see an infinite open; how narrow the horizon at last which a wise man is able to span!

—Greatness, far from imparting goodness, does but contribute to its enlargement, as a public fountain is elevated that it may send forth its streams further.

—Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good, though the ungrateful subjects of their favors are barren in return.

—The call to religion is not to do better than your fellows, but to do better than yourself. Religion is relative to the individual.

—A woman's heart is the only true place for a man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

—To cure dyspepsia; close all the doors of a four-story house, open the inner doors, then take a long switch and chase a cat up and down stairs till she sweats.

—It is easy for a man who sits idle at home, and has nobody to please but himself, to ridicule or censure the common practices of mankind.

—An old lady hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was just so in my younger day—no trusting any of 'em."

—An Aberdeen girl supposes that the reason she has never kindled a flame in any man's heart is because she is not a good match.

—A Stirling footman, who wished to recommend himself to a good place, stated, "he was six feet high, and a member of a Bible society."

—Women of intelligence are beginning to share the preference for a coarse and perfect diet, to which the upper classes of England owe their fine development.

—Work is the weapon of honor, and he who lacks this weapon, will never triumph over the foes of happiness and content.

—Enemies spring up anywhere of their own accord. Friends are reared in affection, and cease to be such as soon as they are removed from the conservatory of the heart.

—The geological explorations in the West occasionally develop remarkable aggregations of fossil remains. Lately a vast deposit of fossils was found near Red Cloud, the remains of numerous animals covering an area of ground containing six square miles.

—That was a dramatic incident in the trial of Carson for murder, at Bangor, Me., when the prisoner, picked up the skull of the dead man which had been introduced as evidence, and said: "If this had a tongue now, it would say I am innocent!"

—The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, in a letter to his brother's Christian Union, says: "Able preaching, by itself, produces laziness, sponginess, sentimentalism, in the pews." He argues that the members of a church as well as the preacher need something to do.

—Four Hibernian fanatics in Baltimore engaged in an animated dispute the other day over the possession of a billy goat. The quadruped settled it by suddenly standing on his hind legs, making a graceful bow sideways, and clearing the room.

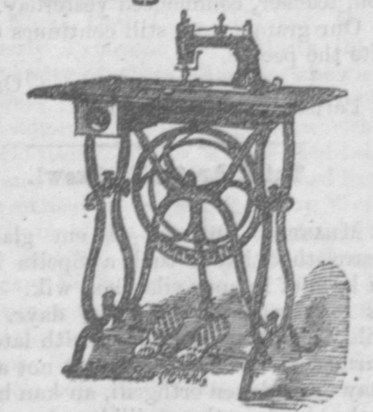
—Bishop Ames tells a story of a slave master in Missouri, in the old time of negro vassalage, who said to his chattel: "Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher." "Yes, massa, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes." "Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes steal little things on the plantation?" "I've mighty 'fraid they does, massa." "Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a sermon to the negroes against stealing." After a brief reflection, Pompey replied: "You see, massa, dat won't do, 'cause 't would throw such a col'ness over de meetin'."

KNOWLEDGE IS MIGHTY. The one who has it, will save you money and make your home and family better and happier. THE DEAF-MUTE ADVANCE is thoroughly identified with the deaf and dumb in their Home and Social life. It enters upon the 6th year with 1875. A very good and cheap paper for every mute. Only \$1.00 a year.

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THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

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BEST SEWING MACHINES, and doing the largest and best range of work. All other Machines in the Market were in direct

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For Hemming, Felling, Stitching, Cording, Binding, Braiding, Embroidering, Quilting and Stitching fine or heavy goods it is unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents, we will deliver a Machine for the price named above, at the nearest Rail Road Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Machines for Sale.

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Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

Agents Wanted

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Wilson Sewing Machine Co. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

E. M. ANDREWS, General Agent for Oswego County, 163 Water Street, OSWEGO, N. Y.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.

To the creditors of George B. Powell and Elisha B. Powell and of George B. Powell & Co., and to all whom it may concern. You are hereby notified and required to present at the 24 National Bank of Oswego, N. Y., or to the undersigned, on or before the 1st day of June, A. D., 1875, all claims, debts, dues or demands which either of you may have against said George B. Powell and Elisha B. Powell or either of them, with the vouchers thereof, duly verified; and for failure so to do you will be barred from all claim against the undersigned, on account thereof. Dated February 10th, 1875. LEONARD AMES, ISAAC P. WETMORE, Assignees.

For the benefit of the creditors of said George B. Powell and Elisha B. Powell. 15-5

Wall Paper

Having largely increased my stock, I am now prepared to offer to the public first-class goods at the very

LOWEST PRICES

NO one should fail to see my stock who contemplates cleaning house and Papering in Spring

REMEMBER

That paper is much cheaper this spring than ever before. I am selling that formerly sold for fifteen cents for

1 Shilling per Roll

My Stock comprises not only a large

assortment of common paper, but

Satins, Tints,

20 and 40 inches wide.

Gilt, Embossed Hand,

With border to match,

Also,

CURTAINS

FROM THE CHEAP PAPER TO THE FINEST GILT BAND.

Holland's Fixtures, &c.

LOOK

At my CARPET PAPER before putting down your carpets.

All paper brought of me trimmed FREE OF CHARGE.

L. L. VIRGIL, Mexico, April 7, 1874.

BUTTER Taken in Exchange FOR National Currency and Greenbacks. By J. HOOPER.

Nitrous Oxide

OR

Laughing Gas!

FOR

EXTRACTING TEETH

WITHOUT PAIN,

Administered daily by

H. H. DOBSON,

Dentist.

Who also uses

Narcotic Spray,

And

Local Anesthesia.

GOLD BLOCK

For filling teeth. "Something new" and by which the most perfect results can be obtained.

Celluloid Base,

A new plate for Artificial Teeth. It is not as heavy, and is more natural in color than any other base in use.

Call and see specimens of work, and get prices that will defy competition.

H. H. DOBSON, Dentist, Office over H. C. Peck & Co's Store, Mexico, N. Y.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875.

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER

THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded, possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease, and in their use are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are a Purgative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease, by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pastules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

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